

INT. GLENN AND MARY SATCHEL'S HOME - NIGHT

Sitting at the kitchen table, MARY SATCHEL (22) holds both hands around a mug of tea, trying to keep them from shaking. She looks younger than her years, more high school than housewife. It's 11:15 at night.

MARY

I met Glenn four years ago. My family hired him to fly us to Johnson Lake. Literally from the moment I met him, I couldn't imagine living without him.

As she says this, she realizes her unimaginable has come true. She pushes back her ninth round of tears.

Mathers and Valerie sit across from her.

VALERIE

It's okay, honey.

MARY

It's not okay. It's not. I don't know what I'm going to do. What do I do?

VALERIE

Just do what you're doing. You're going to be fine.

A beat as Mary composes herself. Then suddenly, to Mathers:

MARY

You think Bobby killed him?

MATHERS

Do you?

MARY

I can't imagine it. But things are always a lot worse than I imagine.